A GARLAND OF New Songs,

CONTAINING

1. *My Granny was.*
2. *I am not Twenty.*
3. *Looſe every Sail to the Breeze.*
4. *The Tankard of ALE.*
5. *The Sweet little Angel.*
6. *The Green Seagy Banks.*

My GRANNY was.

THE ladies all can beſt approve,
The ſtrict attention of my love,
Tho' I decry their fippery.
The ton, and faſhions oft did try.

In days of old my granny told
The dreſs of every lad and laſs,
But you ſhall know before I go,
O what a beau my granny was;

With her hizzy, quizzy, frizzy,
Thunder, dunder, blunder O,
As I for fun girls hither run,
My granny was a wonder O:

My granny had but her own hair,
Which ſhe in comely mode did wear,
But now with wool they load each ſkull,
And frizzle it to make it ſtare,

With feathers high as if 'twou'd fly,
Each girl for beauty aims to paſs,
But 'twas not ſo long time ago,
When a great beau my granny was.

My granny was both fair and plump,
And like a ſquirrel ſhe could jump,

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With coral lips and natural hips,
But now each girl has her cork rump.

The pleated ruff looks well enough,
Now pidgeons craws they wear, alas!
Stuck out before like the breaſt of a boar,
O what a beau my grauny was.

I am not Twenty.

AS through the grove the other day,
I gang'd ſo blythe and bonny,
Who ſhould I meet upon the way,
But my true love Johnny.

With eager haſte he claſp'd my waiſt,
And kiſſes gave me plenty,
Tho' I deny'd, and thus reply'd,
Dear lad, I am not twenty.

What's that to me the ſhepherd cry'd,
You're old enough to marry
Then come ſweet laſs and be my bride,
No longer let us tarry.

But let's be gone o'er yonder lawn,
Where lads and laſſes plenty,

Are fill'd with joy, and kiſs and toy,
Altho' they are not twenty.

I liſten'd to his ſoothing tale,
And gang'd with him ſo rarely,
With ſong and pipe he did prevail,
He won my wiſhes fairly.

O he's the lad that makes me glad,
With kiſſes ſweet and plenty,
So I declare by all that's fair,
I'll wed, tho' not quite twenty.

Looſe every Sail to the Breeze

LOOSE every ſail to the breeze,
The courſe of my veſſel improve;
I've done with the toils of the ſeas,
Ye ſailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as ſhe's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind:
'Tis a pleaſing return for my care.
My miſtreſs is conſtant and kind.

My ſails are all fill'd to my dear,—
What tropic bird ſwifter can move;
Who cruel, ſhall hold his career,—
That returns to th neſt of his love.

Hoiſt every ſail to the breeze:
Come ſhip-mates and join in the ſong;
Let's drink while our ſhip cuts the ſeas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

The Tankard of ALE.

NOT drunk nor yet ſober, but brother to both,
I met a young man upon Ayleſbury dale;
I ſaw by his face that he was in good caſe,
To go and take ſhare of a tankard of ale.
Iriur la re &c.

The hedger that works in the ditches all day,
And labours ſo hard at the plough and the flail,
He'll talk about things, about princes and kings,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

There's the beggar that begs without any legs,
She ſcarce has a rag for to cover her tail,
She's as happy in rags as a miſer in bags,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

There's the widow that buried her huſband of late,
Has ſcarcely forgot for to weep or to wail;
But thinks every day ten tell ſhe's married again,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

There's the old pariſh vicar when he's in's liquor,
He merrily doth on his pariſhioners rail,
Come pay down your tithes, or I'll kiſs all your wives,
When once he ſhakes hands with a pot of good ale.

There's the old parſon's clerk, his are ſo dark,
And letter ſo ſmall that he hardly can tell,
But he can tell each letter, and ſing the pſalm better,
When once he ſhakes hands with a pot of good ale.

There's the blackſmith by trade a jolly briſk blade,
Cries fill up a bumper dear hoſt from the pale,
So chearful he'll ſing and make the houſe ring,
When once he ſhakes hands with a pot of good ale.

There's tinker ye ken, cries kettles to mend,
With budget and hammar to drive in the nail,
Will ſpend a whole crown at one ſitting down,
When once he ſhakes hands with a pot of good ale.

There's the maſon brave John that carver of ſtone,
The Maſter's grand ſecret he will never reveal,
Yet how merry is he with a laſs on his knee,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

You maids of the game pray do not me blame,
Tho' your private practice in public I tell,
Young Bridget and Nell to kiſs will not fail,
When once they ſhake hands with a tankard of ale.

There's ſome jolly wives loves drink as their lives,
Dear neighbours but mind this ſad ſorrowful tale,
Their huſbands they'll horn as ſure as they're born,
If once they ſhake hands with a tankard of ale.

From wrangling and jangling, and every ſuch ſtrife,
Or any thing elſe that may happen to fail,
When words comes to blows, and ſharp bloody noſe,
They are friends again over a tankard of ale.

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The Sweet little Angel.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the ſalt deep,
Alas I may'nt ſee him again;
In ſpite of all talking I could not but weep,
To help it, I'm ſure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms and bade me farewell,
Saying, Poll, come my ſoul it won't do,
So d'ye hear, avaſt, whining ſobbing my girl,
T'is all fooliſh nonſenſe in you:
I could not help thinking that Jack was the right
From a ſomething that whiſper'd d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little Angel that ſits out of ſight,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at diſtance, each thought is imploy'd,
And nought can delight me on ſhore,
I fancy at times that the ſhip is deſtroy'd,
And Jack I ſhall never ſee more;
But than its but fancy that Angel above
That can do ſuch a wonder of things,
now will never ſuffer any harm to my love,
And ſo to myſelf I thus ſing:
What matters repining my heart ſhall delight,
For a ſomething there whiſpers d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little Angel that ſits out of ſight,
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

But ſhould that ſweet Angel wherevr he be.
Forget to look out after Jack
Why then he may never return unto me,
Ah, never no never come back;
But ho, it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
To make the ſalt water his grave,
And why ſhould I then each tale teller mind,
Or dread every trubulent wave?

Beſides I will never kind providence ſlight,
For as ſomething whiſpers d'ye ſee,
There's a ſweet little Angel that ſits out of ſight
Will reſtore my Poor Jack unto me.

THE GREEN SEDGY BANKS.

O'O the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I paſs'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace chear'd the morn, and content crown'd the night;
Till love taught young hope m yo'ith to deceive,—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.
Wherever I wander, thro' hill, dale, or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with ſoft tales of love
Enraptur'd he preſs'd me, then vow'd with a ſign,
If Jenny was cruel,—alas! he muſt die:
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive,
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us b ieve.
He ſtole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content that ne'er can return.
From the clown to the beau the ſex are all art
They complain of the wound, but we feel the ſmart;
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive,
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

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